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Arkham Assassins



fanfiction

deathstroke

dc

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Chapter 1 by Glowly-Druglord

Rain was forming small puddles in the darkened streets of Gotham, thunder rumbled softly in the distance. The moon's pale light was cut off of by the dark storm clouds, leaving the city to rely on its street lamps. It was a usual night, a perfect night for a certain snot nosed ambassador to receive a friendly visit from their deadliest group.

"If I have to wait another minute for Deathstroke, I'm just going to kill the ambassador myself," Whiteviper spat, her pacing growing quick. Deadshot was already set up with his sniper rifle mounted on its tripod and his sights on the ambassador's head. He didn't bother to look back at her, but he quietly agreed that the assassin was taking a while to meet up with them. He did briefly glance at the hooded assassin sitting on the ledge beside him, sharpening her dagger with her sharpening stone. She wore armored boots that, much to his surprise didn't make any noise when she walked, her chest was covered with battered armor that seemed to be losing its color slowly. She also wore gauntlets that looked like something a knight would wear, except were the small plates for the fingers were missing, leaving her fingers exposed. Long, pointed spikes lined the knuckle ridge, he had no idea how many people she had kill with those. Her mask looked almost like something from his nightmares, her eyes appearing red, a bloodied

...painted smile on the area where her mouth would be. What looked like droppings of blood seemed to bleed from the bottom of the mask. He was slightly startled but put all of his attention to the ambassador.

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He heard light footsteps from several feet away from him and Whiteviper's angered voice and determined that Deathstroke was here.

"So nice of you to join us, boss," he growled. He never really liked Deathstroke, but he joined his team for fun. He cocked his sniper rifle, shifting his crouch.

"Do you have the ambassador in your sights?" Deathstroke asked over the fit his wife was having.

"Of course," Deadshot spat.

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